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state with him, and observe the curious phenomena which it describes, and we are sure he would return to his home a wiser and better man for this exercise of his faculties.

We cannot close this imperfect notice of Professor Hitchcock's great work, without referring the reader to some very interesting memoirs, which this author has published in the *Biblical Repository* for 1835, on "the Connexion between Geology and Natural Religion," and on "the Connexion between Geology and the Mosaic History of the Creation." These articles, in a literary and scientific point of view, are to be classed among the happiest efforts of the author, and cannot fail to be read with delight by every man of intelligence.

ART. VI.—*History of Concord.*

1. *A History of the Town of Concord, from its earliest Settlement, to 1832; and of the adjoining Towns, Bedford, Acton, Lincoln and Carlisle; containing various Notices of County and State History, not before published.* By LEMUEL SHATTUCK, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Boston. Russell, Odiorne & Co. 1835. 8vo. pp. 400.
2. *An Historical Discourse, delivered before the Citizens of Concord, 12th September, 1835, on the Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Published by request. Concord. 1835. 8vo. pp. 52.

THE author of this long-expected History has done well, in the outset, to commend his work to the respect of the public, by proving, in his Preface, that he appreciates the value of accurate annals of a town. The qualification may seem quite indispensable to one who undertakes to record them, whether for the benefit of the district described, in particular, or of the world at large. It may seem quite easy also of attainment; so much so as to make the lack of it considerably more remarkable than the possession. Yet, how rarely do we meet with it. How few are the works of this class which may be depended on even for their accuracy; and we are speaking now of their value in that regard alone. We say nothing of the virtue of completeness in detail, or of comprehensiveness in design. We pass over the matter of judgment and tact in

the plan of arranging, and the matter of taste and energy in the style of expressing, and enforcing, what is to be told. All these may be of great consideration in local histories, as they must be in every composition. Accuracy, however, is the *sine-qua-non*. A history, not accurate, is, in other words, no history. The portions of it which are correct, are correct only by accident. It will not be used, therefore, as all local chronicles are mostly designed to be used, for the elements of history at large. These do not deserve to be classed with histories, which are good so far as they go; the praise sometimes bestowed upon crude medleys of this sort. If believed, they deceive. If distrusted, they will still, almost always, stand in the way of their betters. Few town histories will ever be written a second time. The pains are too great, and the praise is too little. A bad book of this description, or a poor one, lodges, like a stumbling-block in the path of coming generations.

Such works, we remarked, cannot be made use of as the elements of history at large. On the other hand, it is a rare recommendation of one, like this before us, that it may be so used. The author appreciated the importance of his labor in this respect. He knew, with the laborious George Dyer, that to *his* toil and perseverance, the chronologist, the biographer, the poet even, as well as the general historian, may stand eminently indebted; and that "works the most splendid in form, and which are constructed for the admiration of posterity," may rise out of documents and researches, apparently the most repulsive or trifling. "Who can calculate," asks honest George, "on the consequence of *a single date*, sometimes to an individual, sometimes to a family, and sometimes even to the public." This is enthusiasm, but it is the enthusiasm of common sense. We want such a spirit in our town histories. We must have such men to write them. We must have men that are capable, in the first place, of discerning between truth and falsehood, probability and improbability, matters of more or less interest, and matters of no interest at all; and who, in the second place, knowing what is desirable, and seeing what is necessary to accomplish it, are never to be dismayed by a dull prospect, or discouraged by a failure, or disappointed by a small return. There is, and should be, no such thing as a dull prospect, or a failure, or a small return, to such men. There is no such thing as dismay

or disappointment. Half a page of some old illegible and unintelligible manuscript, wherein the moths have had their will undisturbed perhaps for a century, found in the attic or the cellar, may reward him generously for months of plodding toil and aching eyes. It supplies him, perchance, with a christian name, the surname appertaining to which, was no better to him before, than Franklin's half of a pair of shears; or, with "a single date," which completes some nice little congeries of genealogy, wrought out of the rubbish of buried records, like a statue restored from the ruins of Pompeii. It is a discovery to him. He smiles at the sight, and rushes from his dusty laboratory into the open air of the wide world, and cries out "*eureka*." And so, point by point, he brings out his "minute facts," as Mr. Shattuck calls them. Some may be missing; or may amount, even in his own estimation, to little or nothing; but others, enough to counter-balance these short-comings, reveal themselves before him by surprise. As he gropes after one thing, he stumbles upon another. Where but a single precious particle of golden truth or glittering tradition was looked for, he finds clusters of gems. He climbs the steep precipice of the mountain wall, like the Indian of Potosi, and under the roots of the driest shrub to which he clings, he may find such treasures as only a conscientious, indefatigable, enthusiastic spirit, can appreciate with a genuine relish. Such things, he knows, have been, and may be again. He walks over rich ground. He digs in a dust, which is dearer than "all the ore of rich Peru." As an elegant writer has expressed it,—himself no ordinary specimen of the character he describes,—"the enchanted delver sighs and strikes on, in the glimmering mine of hope."

We will not undertake to say, that there are no inaccuracies in the ample and elaborate volume of Mr. Shattuck, the perusal of which has suggested these remarks. It would be no very difficult thing, on the contrary, to point out a few statements of considerable general interest, evidently understood by the writer, and meant to be received by his readers, for representations of established facts, which can be pretty plausibly shewn to be either incorrect, or doubtful. Some of these cases we may have occasion to indicate.* Most, if not all of them, have

* But, lest we should not, we may as well say here, that we refer chiefly to the chapter on the *Battle of Concord*. The author has looked up an amazing amount of interesting matter upon this subject, and the statements are

probably been noticed by the author himself, with others, perhaps, which are likely to escape any revision less diligent and anxious than his own. We allude to these the more freely, inasmuch as there can be no more doubt of his having the opportunity, than of his having the inclination, hereafter, of making good some little deficiencies in evidence or in explanation, and of abating or qualifying a few hasty assertions, which he has allowed himself to make in his eager pursuit of the subject.

But let us do the author justice. Nothing but inveterate industry and unshrinking perseverance, nothing but the professional enthusiasm by which they are sustained, could have enabled our annalist to undertake, or to undergo, the years and years of dismal drudgery of which his book bears evidence upon every page. No other literary labor, we apprehend, can convey so vivid a notion of a "Slough of Despond."

The laborious and faithful local historian, rarely has justice done him. The result of his researches may or may not be applauded, and admired. He may build himself, as the reviewer of Surtee's *Durham History* rightly expresses it, "a more durable monument in perishable paper than could be constructed of marble or brass."* This may be a monument known and seen only by the coming generations of dwellers on the narrow soil of the subject described; or, he may gain himself a reputation as wide even as the borders of his native land, and as lasting as its language. And yet, justice will not be done him. The result only will be known, or cared for; and perhaps not a tithe of that. Little allowance is made for the various degrees of difficulty with which the several results in literature are produced, and little discrimination shown in the allotment of the various degrees and kinds of honor, which are due to the toil and skill of those who produce them. A good local history is more or less popular very much as is a judicious arithmetic, or an elegant oration. No matter where

generally made with great caution. We should like, however, to have qualified several of them. For example, on page 112, he says "*three* British soldiers were killed" in the skirmish at the bridge. Dr. Ripley states, in his "*History of the Fight*," that there were *two* killed. He states also that the Rev. Mr. Emerson witnessed the whole affair from his window, and now, Mr. Emerson's account of it is published in the Appendix to the Oration, and that also says *two*. We hope for another opportunity of resuming the subject of the "*Battle*" by itself.

* Quarterly Review of 1829.

the materials came from, or what they cost. No matter whether the work was necessarily, the tedious, loney, laborious, exhausting and aching labor of a life-time ; or whether it was the adroit appropriation of such labor of other men, stealthily varnished over, and seasonably brought to the public notice by surprise ; or, even a few pages of sensible declamation, thrown out, under the spur of some occasional engagement. It is all the same, substantially, with the reputation. It can not be expected to be otherwise. The pains-takers,—the undertakers of tasks, that, although indispensable to be done by somebody, yet nobody but themselves would ever undertake or could accomplish if they would — these are the very men who best understand, and are the least disposed to complain of the limited character of the applause or admiration which they meet with. This very want of the stimulus of immediate and considerable approbation, which the frothiest speech at a noisy caucus shall secure ; the dusty drudgery encountered, the health wasted, the delights of society given up, with the consciousness that the sacrifice is all for the benefit of the reputation of other men ; these things entitle them to the admiration of their country and their race. We do not now refer to the worthless, and perhaps worse than worthless, prodigies of senseless labor, which some men live and die to produce. We refer to the practical workmen, the collectors of the raw materials out of which all history is made ; the pioneers in the wilderness of details and reports ; the levellers of the land, and the diggers of the ditches, for the canals and the railroads, of which other men and after generations enjoy the benefit. It matters but little, at all events, so that the work be done. It is fortunate for the world that they are willing to do it. They may complain, and may have reason to do so. They may cry out “ piteously,” now and then, as D’Israeli says of some of the poorer poets in their obscurity, making themselves known only by their noise. They may avail themselves of a breathing moment, to rail at the world, or the compilers. They may even consider those worthy people, the booksellers, as poor old Drayton hesitates not to call them in most intelligible terms, “ a company of base knaves, whom I scorn and kick at.”* Still, however, it matters not much, so they will work on ; and that is just what they always do, — they work on.

* Speaking of his *Polyolbion*.

Perhaps this may be considered something of a digression. It intimates, rather, an application of our remarks to the case before us, which, on reflection, cannot be sustained. The History of Concord is the fruit of laborious research ; the most so, in its class, which American literature has produced. It has cost a vast deal of the kind of drudgery we have been speaking of, and it will be found hereafter infinitely serviceable to works of a lighter character, and of more general circulation. But here the analogy ceases. A history of the town of Concord, were it tolerably, nay, badly executed, could not well be an *obscure* one. It must be either famous or infamous. The writer of a bad history of this town would be, especially if it were the first and only one, a malefactor of no mean distinction. A great part of the revolutionary reputation of his ancestors, and of his countrymen, would have been in his power, and that reputation he would have tarnished. The annals of all our ancient towns and cities are of inestimable value, and will be faithfully preserved ; but those of Concord, — old Concord, in connexion with very few others, are the pound of flesh nearest the heart of the Republic. He that should do justice to them, had reason to expect, and he had a right, as a man deserving well of his country, to enjoy, the gratitude of those he should serve. Not, indeed, for the course of “ a thousand years,” like Father Leland, but for centuries, he was “ so to open the window that the light should be seen so long stopped up, and the old glory of your *Britain* to reflourish throughout the world.”

The history of Concord has been, with the exception of a few years, the history of the country at large. It comprises the period of our colonial, provincial, revolutionary and national existence. If shorter than that of its seniors in the old world, it is invested with a fresher interest, and has the advantage of being exclusively modern. We have lived in the last centuries and the best. There is no fable in our annals ; they comprise no middle ages, no generations of boors. Our existence began in a period comparatively enlightened. We rose betimes, and not before, and our work has been done in the open air and the broad day-light. All civilized nations have seen and known us. Our history has been connected with theirs, and the history of Christendom, during the period of that connexion, has been the most eventful, the most revolutionary, the most extraordinary in almost every particular, which the

world has experienced. If there is no fable, in our annals, they are full enough of *fact*. In all this fact, not every one indeed of our sectional subdivisions, or municipal corporations, could have a share in the same sense with the whole country. Very few could have a share of much importance. Concord, however, like Plymouth and like Boston, *had* such a share; a fact which we shall take it for granted is generally too well known to our readers to require a recapitulation on our part, of the details which go to establish it. Concord has been not only a *town*, an American, New-England, Massachusetts town; a specimen of a class of large, closely-connected, and most powerfully-operative communities, but the first of all the inland class, as we have mentioned, and but five years subsequent to Boston, and fifteen to Plymouth. It had moreover the fortune to become early, and to continue to the last, national and central ground; memorable now, and classical in all future time. Old Concord, stands in the foremost rank of historical subjects. Its locality, the character of its first population, and various accidental circumstances have all conspired to make it so. "Fortunate and favored it has been," Mr. Emerson well remarks, "in having received" and in having disseminated, he might have added, "so large an infusion of the spirit of both those periods," the Planting and the Revolutionary; and of every other remarkable period, also, in the whole eventful course of its existence. In the stages of this history will be found, as we explore it, characteristic indications of them all. This is the work Mr. Shattuck has accomplished. He has given us a whole cabinet of the almost-speaking remains of all the ages, which constitute the town's and the country's life-time. Scarcely a specimen in the series, scarcely a limb of the system, is wanting. The entire skeleton of American character, from first to last, and from greatest to least, may be set up, for the illustration of every past and for the instruction of every future generation.

We have said there is no fable in American annals. This is, or should be, one of our great literary advantages over other nations, which have a history reaching back so far into the distance or the darkness of the past, that their beginning cannot be seen. Such is the case with most nations of the civilized world, of ancient or *modern* times; and perhaps with the most considerable and important, it is most so. The history of such nations, in fact, cannot be, and never has been written. The

farther we go back for it with any degree of success, the more and more meagre it becomes; the more that truthfulness, which is the essence of the interest of history, and the whole of its value, diminishes until it disappears. The rest is all a bog, a land of "gorgons and chimeras dire," tradition possibly, probably conjecture, but not history. One man may be more ingenious than another in concealing his want of any ground to stand upon; or he may calculate better than another what must have been the beginning, and the progress, from what is known to have been the "*Decline and Fall*;" still, it is only calculation; and calculation and observation, like history and a story, are quite different affairs.

The history of our country, however, may be written. There is no reason why it should not be, and there is every reason why it should. It is not only true that we are young, and have lived in modern times,—in the period of truth, as distinguished from the period of tradition; true, that most of that period has been comparatively enlightened, at large; true, that we have been almost from the first an active, stirring, inquisitive, communicative people, connecting ourselves constantly with, and forcing ourselves on the acquaintance and attention of all cotemporaneous nations. It is no new nor vain thing, it is nothing which at this day requires proof at every repetition, to add, that we have been an intelligent as well as an energetic people. Education, systematic universal education, as well as ancestry, and necessity, have made us so. We have been, and are, a reading and writing people. As Mr. Emerson says of Concord, alluding to its ministers and its schools, "if the community, or any part of it, stints its expense in small matters, *it spends freely on great duties*;" and it has counted the promotion of education,—that same "*learning*," which the General Court of 1647 feared would be "buried in the graves of our *forefathers*,"—it has counted promotion of this education, in its truly liberal and practical sense, as among the very foremost of those great duties. It was natural that among the minor consequences of this system, should be an appreciation of the worth of all those facts of which history is, or should be made, and of the necessity and duty of their ample and accurate preservation. And such has been the case. Our peculiar political as well as ecclesiastical organization, has most essentially facilitated the labor, and increased the value, the harmony, the order, and the amount. Almost every locality of any official organized existence, as well as the towns

and churches, has had its history or the materials of it preserved. The whole soil might be covered with a patchwork of the several histories of these subdivisions. Our general history, if there were no general materials, could be very tolerably made, by the putting together of its local minutiae, like the putting together of the pieces of a child's wooden map. But, fortunately, we are not left to such a necessity. The same education, the same intelligence, the same writing, reading, talking, thinking, and persevering habits, which have induced the towns, especially of the north, almost uniformly, to keep up a tolerable standing account of themselves, in the shape of records,—the same character, and the same circumstances have induced the people as such, to do the same in reference to the country at large, they have done in regard to the churches, the cities, or the towns. We have general materials on the same principle that we have local. To a certain extent, therefore, we are independent of the localities, as to the materiel of national or sectional annals. To a far greater extent, however, and particularly so far as the philosophy of history is concerned, we are dependent upon them in the most vital sense. But this consideration, too obvious to be enlarged on, brings us to our old train of comment once more. It reminds us again of the value of town histories and especially of the value of accuracy in them. It justifies us, we hope, for having said so much on that subject and for reverting to it here. This were less allowable, perhaps, if the great body of our town history did not yet remain to be wrought over and written out, as Mr. Shattuck has done *this*. It is among the chief of his merits that he has not only done a good thing, but that he has set a good example, and given almost a model.

Neither the abundance of our means of history, nor the clearness of its origin, has ever been illustrated more to our satisfaction than by the volume and the discourse before us. This is the more remarkable, and the more creditable to the authors, from the unfortunate loss of a volume of town records of Concord, containing its proceedings for about sixty years after the settlement, and also of all the records of the church, prior to 1738, which was more than a century after its organization; misfortunes of which no very satisfactory account appears to be in the power of the historian to furnish. The success, however, of his efforts to supply the deficiency as well as might be, under circumstances disheartening, in

the outset is a new encouragement, for all baffled antiquarians. It is a strong corroboration also of the correctness of our remarks on the vast advantages this country has in its wealth of historical materials. There is, says Mr. Shattuck, to begin with, "in the clerk's office, an old volume, containing an imperfect record of several grants of land, and a few unconnected proceedings of the town; with an incomplete list of marriages, births, and deaths, prior to 1636." For a spirit like his this was a good deal. It was not exactly the game itself he was pursuing, but it put him on the right trail; and an Indian is not keener on a hunt, than an antiquarian in his researches. His unwearied perseverance deserves reward; and it rarely fails to secure it. "This renders the early history," adds our author in his Preface, "less perfect than it would have been, &c. *though from other sources much information has been obtained.*" Here it is:

"The early records and documents in the offices of the secretaries of the commonwealth, and of the county, and *the private papers of individuals, and various other scattered fragments of traditionary, manuscript and printed history*, have with great labor been consulted." &c.

This, we say, is pursuing history to some purpose. There was no escape for it; if a fact was wanting in one place it was sure to be found in another.

For example; the list of the first settlers is lost, but Winthrop says "the grant was made to Mr. Buckley, and ——— merchant, and about twelve other families, to begin a town." It is remarkable how this hint has been followed up. Mr. Shattuck has furnished not only a minute account of this excellent man himself, his character, and condition even to the precise amount of the fortune which he brought with him from the old country to the new; but he has picked out, from the rubbish of ancient ages, all his lineal ancestors, for *ten generations*, back to Robert Buckley, Esq. one of the English barons, who, in King John's reign, as he says, was lord manor of Buckley in the County Palatine of Chester. This information, like a good deal more in the book, of like kind, is from English sources. Then we have the "merchant," above alluded to, looked up; and subsequent circumstances show him to have been none other than the famous Major Samuel Willard, of martial memory, and commander of

the forces in Ninigret's and Philip's war ; one of the most distinguished of the early settlers of New England, and progenitor, it would seem, of all the numerous families of his name, including some individuals of a good deal of reputation, which the country has since produced. The names of the other "twelve" are in the same manner "inferred" from circumstances which leave little room for mistake. So are those of their successors, generally, through the medium of various petitions to the colonial authorities, and other official documents, independent of the records of the town. Twelve of their names appear in 1645, on an application for the reduction of their rates, owing to the migration of a considerable part of their population to a new settlement (since Fairfield,) in Connecticut, under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. *John Jones*.

This was another of the worthies, whose memory is a part of the early fame of Concord. He was a preacher of reputation in England, and came out in 1635, with the Rev. Messrs. Shepherd and Wilson, afterwards of Cambridge and Boston. He, too, was the ancestor of a great family, including, among six sons, one (Eliphalet) who became ultimately the first minister of Huntington, L. I., where he died about one hundred years old.

One of the twelve petitioners referred to last is *William Wood*. This person, who came to Concord in 1638, appears to have been the celebrated author of "New England's Prospect," the first who mentions the original name of Concord, *Musketaquid*. Mr. Wood is believed to have visited the ground as early as 1633, and to have been active, on his return home, in promoting the settlement, which took place two years after, and was chiefly supplied with families directly from England.

With Wood came his nephew, *Hon. Thomas Flint*, who brought with him, according to a genealogy, property of four thousand pounds sterling, afterwards married a daughter of President Oakes of Harvard University, and was father, as Mr. Shattuck supposes, of the three Flints of Salem. He is the same "hardy" personage whom wonder-working Johnson refers to by name, when he pays him, in his "short metre," the compliment of having left, at Christ's command, his "lands, and native habitation,"

“His folke to aid, in desert straid, for gospel’s exaltation.”

He was probably something of a soldier, for the poet adds,

“Flint, hardy thou, will not allow the undermining fox,
With subtill skill, Christ’s vines to spoil; *Thy sword shall
give them knocks.*”

Among the first settlers also were three *Adamses*, sons of Henry, of Quincy, who came from Devonshire; *Barrett*, an Englishman, ancestor of multitudes of the same name, including the Colonel James who superintended the important Concord stores at the time of the “Fight;” *Buttrick*, who came out in 1635, considered the ancestor of all of the name in New England, if not in America, the gallant Major killed on the 19th of April, among the rest; *Dolor*, one of the chief progenitors of the numerous family of *Davis*; a *Dudley*, who deserves nearly equal praise, having had, among other children, a son, Samuel, who had twenty children of his own, and lived to the age of one hundred and nine; *John Hoar*, brother of one President of Harvard, of that name, and *Oakes*, the father of another; the worthy Mr. *Whiting*, easily traced back to John, the mayor of Boston, in England; that, “excelling grammarian,” *Minot*, as his tomb-stone still bears witness, — being also a captain, physician, justice of the peace, and representative, not to mention his preaching in Stow, for twelve shillings and six pence a day, one half cash, and one half Indian corn,* one of the most useful men of his time, and the father of the Hon. James, a leading character of the next generation; also Freeman *Farwell*, and Quarter-master *Hartwell*, each considered the progenitor of all among us of the same name; *Judson*, to whom the same distinction is ascribed; and finally the *Wheelers*, probably from Wales, as many as six of whom were here as early as 1637, and several with families.† This name still continues to be borne by more persons in the town than any other. The births of six, called John, appear on the clerk’s record between 1650 and 1670. One of the first comers was *George*, and it appears that children of the eighth generation are now living on the spot which he settled. Mr. Shattuck has filled a page or two of his Appendix with their genealogy.

We have referred to these details for various reasons, but

* See Appendix to the History, p. 379.

† Appendix.

particularly with the view, of illustrating a previous remark on the wonderful extent to which matters of this description, and all the materiel of local and general histories, may be sought out, and set forth, by persons of the competent qualifications. There is no end to the "single dates" here. They would do George Dyer's heart good.

The circumstances of the first settlement, generally, have been in like manner restored ; and especially those of the remarkable march of the earliest band into the wilderness, in search of their destination. That was a "toyle" of "*some dayes*;" and Johnson has preserved a most affecting and graphic sketch of it, which is too well known to be quoted here. Suffice it that thus "this poore people," as he says, "populate this howling desert, marching manfully on, the Lord assisting, through the greatest difficulties, and greater labors, than ever any with such weak means have done ;"—hard work for "many an honest gentleman," among the number, Buckley and Willard included. This was a march of *twenty miles*.

We cannot forbear introducing here the beautiful picture Mr. Emerson draws of their situation during the first winter. It places us at once in the very midst of his company : —

"They proceeded to build under the shelter of the hill that extends for a mile along the north side of the Boston road, their first dwellings. The labors of a new plantation were paid by its excitements. I seem to see them, with their pious pastor, addressing themselves to the work of clearing the land. Natives of another hemisphere, they beheld, with curiosity, all the pleasing features of the American forest. The landscape before them was fair, if it was strange and rude. The little flower which at this season stars our woods and road sides with its profuse blooms, might attract even eyes as stern as theirs with its humble beauty. The useful pine lifted its cones into the frosty air. The maple which is already making the forest gay with its orange hues, reddened over those houseless men. The majestic summits of Wachusett and Monadnoc towering in the horizon, invited the steps of adventure westward.

"As the season grew later, they felt its inconveniences. 'Many were forced to go barefoot and bareleg, and some in time of frost and snow, yet were they more healthy than now they are.*' The land was low but healthy ; and if, in common with all the settlements, they found the air of America very cold, they

*Johnson.

might say with Higginson, after his description of the other elements, that, "New England may boast of the element of fire, more than all the rest; for all Europe is not able to afford to make so great fires as New England. A poor servant, that is to possess but fifty acres, may afford to give more wood for fire as good as the world yields, than many noblemen in England."* Many were their wants, but more their privileges. The light struggled in through windows of oiled paper,† but they read the word of God by it. They were fain to make use of their knees for a table, but their limbs were their own. Hard labor and spare diet they had, and off wooden trenchers, but they had peace and freedom, and the wailing of the tempest in the woods sounded kinder in their ear, than the smooth voice of the prelates, at home, in England. 'There is no people,' said their pastor to his little flock of exiles, 'but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in, if not in holiness?' — pp. 9—11.

These passages and facts are perhaps sufficient to indicate the hardy and substantial, and still more the moral and religious character of the early inhabitants of Concord. They were indeed among the very best of the population of the old country; and few things suggested by the perusal of this history and discourse can be more interesting or more gratifying than to watch, in the progress of affairs, and in the gradual development of the character of the town, under critical circumstances, the surviving influence of those original elements of its composition. The character of Concord as a town, from first to last, is by no means the least of its distinctions; though many individuals, its ministers, especially, have been among its blessings. What a leader was the noble Buckley for such an enterprise as the settling of Musketequid! not to mention Mr. Jones, who was eight years his colleague. His successor, at his death in 1659, was his son Edward, whose ministry continued over fifty years, most of it at Concord; a man whose reputation for piety was such as to have given rise to the tradition, that, in Philip's war, when it is rather remarkable that Concord nearly escaped the ravages of the enemy, a consultation occurred among some of their chiefs on the neighboring highlands in Stow, on the question whether the precedence should be given to Sudbury or Concord, as the object of attack, and is said to have been decided for

* New England's Plantation.

† E. W's Letter in Mourt, 1621.

the former by the argument, that the Great Spirit loved the Concord people, and would defend them on account of Mr. Buckley, residing there ; — he was a “*great pray*.”

His colleague and successor was Mr. Estabrook, for over forty-four years ; a man so noted for his holiness, dignity and learning, as to have acquired, in the latter part of his life, the name of the *apostle*. The News Letter is full of his praises, on the occasion of his death ; and the opinion was expressed at one time, that he “ought to come to *Boston*, where he could do more good.” Mr. Whiting, who was next pastor for twenty-six years, is called by our historian a man of wealth, learning, influence and talent. The term of Mr. Bliss, who followed him, was the same. He also was among the distinguished clergy of his time. His last sermon was preached at the special request of the famous Whitfield, on his second visit to Concord, and made such an impression upon him as to cause the remark, that “if he had studied his whole life, he could not have produced such a sermon.” His reputation, evidently, as even his epitaph still shows, was very high :

“ His soul was of ye angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and ye mould ye same,
Whom the Creator makes a minister of Fame.”

The Rev. William Emerson followed, and though he lived but eleven years after, part of the time in the army of the Revolution, on his return from which to his people he died, there is abundant evidence of the great influence he acquired, and of the regret felt at his loss. Only nine years since a monument was erected to his memory. He was a descendant of Mr. Buckley. His successor was the present venerable incumbent, Mr. Ripley, still active in the exercise of his duties in the *fifty-seventh* year, we believe, of his ministry, and at the advanced age of eighty-five. Such has been the ministry of the first church in Concord, the *thirteenth* established in the colony, which has now attained the age of two centuries, wanting but three months. For forty years of Mr. Ripley’s term, it is worthy of notice, that no individual has paid a ministerial tax to any other society than his. In 1825, a second church was formed in the town, previous to which, with the exception of a few years of Mr. Bliss’s term, *the whole town was united in one for the space of one hundred*

and ninety years. This fact alone is sufficiently indicative of the influence of its ministers. We cannot here go into the history of the Concord Indians, interesting as it is, but it is proper to remark, in the present connexion, that Concord was on their account, honored in due time with the presence of John Elliot, "that apostle, not a whit behind the chiefest apostles."

The influence of such individuals as these, must have been very considerable. It does not detract at all, however, from the credit due to the community at large. Just the reverse. It is one of the surest indications of both the good sense and the staunch principle of that community, that it selected such leaders, and that it suffered them to remain so long, and to move so efficiently. The same inference in its favor could be easily made from its attention to education, including a generous subscription, of several years' continuance, for the benefit of Harvard College. During a portion of the years 1775 and 1776, when the buildings at Cambridge were occupied as barracks by the army, Concord was selected as the seat of that Institution, and the accommodation which it there received seems to have corresponded with the most sanguine hopes of President Langdon and his learned Professors. The recitations during that period, were at the court-house and the meeting-house.

The proceedings of Concord, during the Indian troubles, in Philip's war, in the French war, but most of all in the Revolution, confirm, in the most satisfactory manner, the preceding remarks on its character. Mr. Shattuck quotes on his title-page the just eulogy of one of our most distinguished citizens, that "nobler records exist nowhere;—nowhere can there be found higher proofs of a spirit that was ready to hazard all, to pledge all, to sacrifice all, in the cause of their country, than in the *New England towns*;" and we do no injustice to other places when we say of *this*, that the records of its patriotism, in the times that truly "tried men's souls,"—in *all* those times,—will bear comparison with those of any community, be it large or be it small, which can be found, on the face of the earth. Were there no other reason for it, the history of such a place should be spared, with all the long roll of its services, and of its sacrifices, as a monument to every coming age, of the power of disinterested devotedness to principle, and of unwavering fidelity to men; of collectedness and self-control; of all the elements, in a word, of the

power of self-government which either stir or sleep in the character of every community, and in the bosom of every man born *free*, and fully determined to remain so. That history is worth writing, and worth reading.

We have no space left for the valuable estimate which we find here furnished, of the number of men supplied by Concord, for actual service in the war. Some notion may be formed of it, when we say, that it raised one hundred minute-men, and seventy-four soldiers, to serve at Cambridge, in the first year; that the next season, it raised one hundred and forty-five, to serve at Dorchester heights, in March; that in June, when the Assembly, in the same spirit, resolved to raise five thousand militia for six months, for the continental service, it furnished sixty-seven more, and paid them besides, at an expense of over six hundred pounds; and that it went on in this way to the end of the war. It was continually supplying these men also with shoes, stockings, shirts, coats, blankets, and beef.* From October, 1780, to the following July, for example, it provided 42,779 pounds of beef for the army.† It supplied moreover, at sundry periods, the families at home of those engaged in the service abroad. The taxes, of course, were enormous. Mr. Shattuck gives a table of those of the years 1780, and 1781, which we regard as one of the chief curiosities of American history. The assessments in the former year were, in silver, no less than eleven thousand, one hundred and four dollars, and sixty cents; and in the latter, ten thousand two hundred and ninety-five dollars, and thirty-nine cents. Let us recollect that the population of the town was but about thirteen hundred during all this period; that these annual expenses, stood in relation to those of the two last years of the history of Concord (1834 and 1835), as we infer from an allusion of Mr. Emerson's,‡ about as ten and eleven to four and five, the population being, in 1830, a little over two thousand; that this town, in common with the rest of the country, was of course feeling most sensibly all the economical effects of the war, and especially in its effects upon business, and the general means of earning the money they lavished so freely; that, in addition to taxes, large sums were raised in "*classes*," to hire soldiers, as well as by *individuals*, who were drafted into actual service, to procure substitutes.§ Let

* Discourse, p. 38.

† History, p. 126.

‡ P. 40.

§ History, p. 127.

us bear all this in mind, and we can do justice, in some small degree, to the spirit which induced them still to maintain their charge of the institutions of education and of religion, and of all the permanent interests of the town, as an independent community, amid the alarms of war. We can do justice also to the punctuality, the alacrity, the eagerness with which these sacrifices were made; and the manner is not less admirable than the amount. It never once hesitated or debated when called upon. It spent, as Mr. Emerson finely expresses it, — it spent “*affectionately*” in the public service. “Since,” the records read in one place, “General Washington, at Cambridge, is not able to give but two dollars and forty-eight cents the cord, for wood, for the army, *it is voted that this town encourage the inhabitants to supply the army, by paying two dollars per cord; over and above the General’s price, to such as shall carry wood thither.*” They carried two hundred and ten cords. — The same course was taken in regard to hay. And to crown all, Concord contributed to the relief of the besieged poor of Boston, in money, seventy pounds, besides two hundred and twenty-five bushels of grain, and a quantity of both meat and wood; and when these same sufferers were quartered by the Provincial Congress on the neighboring country, the town received no less than eighty-two of the number to its own firesides! What more can we add to all this for the glory of Concord? Was it necessary that the Buckleys, and the Willards, the Woods, the Elliotts, the Whitfields, the Emersons, the Langdons, should have honored its soil with their footsteps? That Winthrop and Dudley should have trod the old common where the meeting-house of 1712 still stands? Or that convention after convention, and congress after congress, should have selected it for the place of their Councils of Liberty, when Hancock and all his brave companions were added to its “jewels?” Or that here, in fine, without entering into controversy upon minutiae, was partially, as President Dwight describes it, the scene of the *first military action of the Revolution*? Concord, as every body admits, was the object of the British expedition of 1775. We think it proved, while we perceive slight inaccuracies in Mr. Shattuck’s chapter on this subject, that here was the first regular resistance to British troops by Americans. Here also, as far as can be now learned, the first British life was taken in that memorable defence. A head-stone and a footstone, on the green banks of the “grassy

river" still mark the place. The town, we believe, is about erecting a monument on the spot, a debt long due, alike to the character of the living, and to the memory of the dead.

So much for the fame of Concord. Much more might be added, had we time to follow its annals down, especially to the period of the formation and adoption of the state and national constitutions, and of the insurrection of Shays, and other troubles of that time. After all, we have left what may be called the *private* character, of the place, mostly undisturbed. It would be of the highest interest to trace its history, and the history of its connexion with the *public*, — which we have barely alluded to. It would shew, as Mr. Emerson reminds us, that even "more sacred influences have mingled here with the stream of human life ;" that the merit even of those who fill a space in the world's history, of which Concord has seen its share, "sheds a perfume less sweet than do the sacrifices of private virtue." It would exhibit a community "almost exclusively agricultural," — distinguished always by simplicity, love of justice and contentment, as well as by its harmony, sound sense and religious character.

"Here are no ridiculous laws, no eves-dropping legislators, no hanging of witches, no ghosts, no whipping of quakers, no unnatural crimes. The tone of the records rises with the dignity of the event. These soiled and musty books are luminous and electric within. The old town clerks did not spell very correctly, but they contrive to make pretty intelligible the will of a free and just community. Frugal our fathers were, — very frugal, — though, for the most part, they deal generously by their minister, and provide well for the schools and the poor. If, at any time, in common with most of our towns, they have carried this economy to the verge of a vice, it is to be remembered that a town is, in many respects, a financial corporation. They economize, that they may sacrifice. They stint and higgie on the price of a pew, that they may send 200 soldiers to General Washington, to keep Great Britain at bay. For splendor, there must somewhere be rigid economy. That the head of the house may go brave, the members must be plainly clad, and the town must save that the State may spend." — pp. 41, 42.

This, after all, is the picture of Concord which most pleases us. Long may it continue to be as true as it is beautiful. The "poor farmers" who came up *that day* to defend their native soil, ignorant (says the orator) it was a deed of fame they

were doing, — never dreaming their children would contend who had done the most, — long may their “simplest instincts” descend to their posterity, with their soil, and with their fame! “The little society of men who now, for a few years, fish in this river, plough the fields it washes, mow the grass, and reap the corn,” — these, when shortly they shall hurry from its banks, as did their forefathers, — long may they leave behind them a race emulating the glory of those who have gone before, and worthy of the gratitude of those who shall succeed them! Her sons, — they who have “settled the region around us, and far from us,” — whose wagons rattle down (as he says again) the remote western hills, — who plough the earth, and traverse the sea, and engage in trade and all the professions in every part of this country, and in many foreign parts, — long may they look back to her sacred plains with reverence, and cherish in their breasts the disposition to imitate the example of the past!

ART. VII. — *A Discourse on Natural Theology.*

1. *A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence and the Advantages of the Study.* By LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S. Philadelphia. Carey Lea & Blanchard. 1835. 12mo. pp. 190.
2. *Lectures on the Atheistical Controversy; delivered in the Months of February and March, at Sion Chapel, Bradford, Yorkshire. Forming a First Part of a Course of Lectures on Infidelity.* By the REV. J. GODWIN; with additions by W. S. ANDREWS. Boston. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1835. 12mo. pp. 350.

THE moral constitution of the universe presents a problem that has perplexed the philosophers of all ages. When the mind of any one at all disposed to reflection, begins to expand itself and rise above merely physical and sensible things, it looks out from its new elevation with an anxious curiosity for the relations and prospects of existence. Though the child has been taught the existence of God, and the youth has felt the force of moral relations with the promptness of instinct, yet the man would fain contemplate the same subjects from a new point of